The Pole Star Monthly

昭和七年七月九日第三種郵便物認可　昭和十一年六月廿五日印刷　昭和十一年七月一日發行（毎月一回一日發行）

VOL. X—NO. 6]　JULY 1, 1936　*Price 3 sen*　Published by the Hokuseido Nishikicho, Kanda, Tokyo

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THE BOMBING OF DESSYE

Wynant Davis Hubbard

American newspaper correspondent in Ethiopia

There was no warning. Suddenly, as I was about to sit down to breakfast in my tent, the menacing drone of airplane motors filled the mountain bowl in which the town of Dessye lies. The sun was just striking over the high peaks. Smoke from the campfires about the slopes filled the air with a faint blue mist. Through this, coming over the eastern mountains, were four huge, broad-winged planes. The droning of their motors increased. The mountains resounded to the roar of trimotored bombers. The Italians were upon us.

Whistles shrilled in the Mission compound in which we journalists and cameramen were camped. The doctors of the Red Cross camped with us were summoning their men. Natives of the town, men and women, began running and racing down the roads. Mules stampeded, for the roar of the great motors echoed and re-echoed, filling the air with vibrating hum.

As I watched, a black object fell from below the leading plane. In a slow parabola it came down toward the airfield below us. *Boom!* A great cloud of black smoke and flying clods of dirt and stones vomited into the air. A bomb. The first. Hundreds of mules and donkeys and sheep grazing on the unused airport stampeded, raising a cloud of dust.

The four planes were nearly directly overhead. I could see two other groups of three each following behind. *Crash!* Another bomb—near enough to shake us. People screamed and shouted. Rifles cracked, and then the chattering of machine guns filled the air, cutting through the steady drone of the motors above. With the thought that we must get into the town to photograph the bombing, I started up the truck. An incendiary bomb fell within two feet; the thermite exploded, and a fierce, white-spurting fire leaped from the hole the bomb had made. Thinking to get on the hospital roof and picture the town from there, we drove another hundred yards. Bombs fell all about us, coming down with sighing swooshes. One pierced the hospital roof just as we ran the truck alongside.

I ran out into the open field behind, to get a better look at the ten heavy ships circling above us. I could hear the curious high chatter of their machine guns as they fired at us and at the machine guns firing at them from the hills. And then *soooooooo.* I dropped flat. With soft thuds 13 incendiary bombs lit in the field all about me.

As the thermite caught fire and leaped to fierce life, I jumped and ran to the hospital. The planes were moving off to the town a thousand yards away. A tent of the Red Cross was hit directly and fired. With the terrible chemical inside, nothing could be saved, and the tent and its contents of medicines and operating equipment were burned.

The hospital was on fire as well from three incendiaries which had hit directly, all passing through the Red Cross painted on the roof. The cries of the terrified patients inside—there were some 60—were pitiful in the extreme. Together with other journalists I rushed in and helped carry the people out.

The planes moved away southward in the direction of the lower airfield. For a moment we had a chance to catch our breath and look about. The wounded began streaming in, carried by their relatives on stretchers or hobbling or crawling as best they might. Mangled and torn, streaming blood, screaming from the pain of shattered limbs and torn bodies or fearfully burned from the exploding incendiary bombs, men and women and little children poured into the Mission grounds. Cursing with fury at the bombers who could so torture a civilian population, we cameramen and correspondents carried wounded to the dressing tents, put out fires and scanned the sky, for the droning of the motors was beginning again.

The planes were returning. *Wham!* A giant bomb fell near the palace on the hill. Columns of dirt and dust and smoke shot high into the air. Another and another. Flames licked up again. Again bullets sang and whined overhead, and the machine guns began their rapid *tat-tat-tat-tat.* That second coming was far worse than the first. In the surprise and shock of the first attack and in the wild excitement, there was not much time in which to feel afraid. But the second came after we had handled the torn and mangled. It is a terrible feeling to be under such a rain of death and destruction, to know that no place is safe, to know that you can neither see the death coming nor fight back.

Then, as abruptly as the attack began, it ended. The planes sailed away, having laid their eggs of terror. A Red Cross man, Hickey, came and asked if I would drive him into the town to pick up the wounded. I agreed, of course.

The center of Dessye, which is only a crossroads surrounded by grass and iron-roofed buildings, had been hit squarely many times. Tukuls, native mud-walled huts, were burning fiercely.

Another truck was following us, carrying more journalists and cameramen. We were each waving Red Cross, Ethiopian and American flags from the trucks. As we went along the roughly cobbled streets we could see great shell holes and occasionally the dead bodies of men and women.

In the small plain below the palace were more huge craters. Apparently the Italians had thrown their largest shots in attempts to hit the palace where they believed the Emperor to be. As a matter of fact he was in the grounds of the former Italian consulate, firing a machine gun.

A shot rang out behind us. Then another. We stopped at the shouts and calls. Some Ethiopian in the excitement had fired at the truck behind us and had shot the French journalist, George Goyon, through the leg, just above the knee. It was difficult to blame the people. We were white men. They had just seen their fellows blown up, mangled, torn and killed by other whites.

We rushed Goyon back to the Mission, and then I went to work in the Red Cross dressing tent. The doctors were overwhelmed with wounded. There was no one to give chloroform, so I did the work, having had experience in the hospitals along far northern Labrador.

That night, after we had dressed and cared for 111 wounded in the one tent in which I worked, Lorenzo Taezas, adviser to the Emperor, came to the Mission compound and showed us a declaration which had been tossed from one of the Italian planes in a bottle. It read: "Hurrah for Italy! Hurrah for Duce! Hurrah for the King! We carry the tricolor of the Lictors of Fascism, the sign of the civilization of Rome. We salute you, Haile Selassie. Did your umbrella do you any good today? How did you like our biscuits?"

As Lorenzo read us the paper, his dark face lit fitfully by the leaping flames of a campfire, I thought of all the wounded I had helped to care for. I looked at my hands, covered darkly with the stain of iodine from dressings. I thought of a dead mother I had seen and two little children lying without their heads. "The sign of the civilization of Rome." "The Lictors of Fascism."

I turned my head away so that Lorenzo might not see the shame in my eyes. White men had issued that boast. White men had committed the havoc about us. I was white.—*Adopted from "Adventure."*

REICH ENJOYS A BOOM ON SPENDING BY STATE

By OTTO D. TOLISCHUS

Berlin, May 23.—In a world full of strife, distress and uncertainty, Germany is likely to appear to the casual tourist these days as a haven of peace, progress and prosperity. To all outward appearances the Germans are fairly bursting with new vigor and, according to National Socialist assurances, they are sitting on top of the world.

Hustling, in fact, is the most striking thing in the strange new Germany of today. It is impossible to avoid running into it. Everybody is working and whoever is not working is marching, drilling, tramping or performing some other duty of the German racial community, even if it is merely the duty of participating in mass demonstrations, attending schooling courses or taking authoritatively conducted excursions and vacation trips.

Berlin looks like a boom town. Its streets and squares are torn up for new construction so that it is difficult to traverse them in an automobile. A great new building is arising in its center and many old ones are covered with scaffolding for renewal of their façades. Impressive new home settlements are spread along the suburbs and beyond them have sprung up new barrack towns and the magnificent sport field for the coming Olympic Games.

Other cities can boast of proportionate improvements. Munich only recently dedicated a series of new party buildings and is now starting to build what is designated as the biggest opera house in the world.

A vast new office building is rising in Cologne for the German Labor Front and that organization is also keeping the German shipyards busy constructing a whole fleet of ocean-going excursion boats.

New Works Widespread

Furthermore, the whole country is being dotted with new fortifications, air fields, barracks, labor camps and new peasant homesteads on land reclaimed either from sea or moor. It is also being threaded with magnificent new automobile roads, of which about 1,200 miles are now under construction, with 190 miles already opened to traffic and 625 miles scheduled to be finished by the end of this year.

Finally, there has been stamped virtually out of the ground in the last few years one of the biggest and most efficient military establishments in the world. It does not obtrude itself on public attention quite as much as did the Kaiser's army, but it is every bit as big, if not bigger, with an army of roughly 1,000,000 men (including the premilitary and labor services), an air fleet estimated at 3,000 planes and a rapidly expanding navy.

This establishment is backed up by an industrial mobilization involving not only rigid organization but also such intricate problems as migration of vital industries to central safety zones and creation of new ersatz (substitutes) industries to assure an uninterrupted supply of militarily vital raw materials.

Put in terms of official figures, the situation presents itself as follows:

The industrial production index for March this year was 99.2 per cent of the 1928 value. Monthly industrial production has increased from 3,000,000,000 marks in the Spring of 1933 to 5,000,000,000 now.

Employment has risen from an average of 12,500,000 in 1932 to 16,500,000, and unemployment has decreased from an average of 5,700,000 in 1932 to 1,763,000 at the end of April this year.

Rise in National Income

The national income has risen from 45,000,000,000 marks in 1932 to 56,000,000,000 in 1935. Working income, that is the total of salaries and wages, has risen in the same period from 25,900,000,000 to 32,200,000,000, and savings have gone up from 9,844,000,000 to 13,954,000,000.

Furthermore, the stock market is booming, corporation earnings are improving, the money market is liquid and government revenues have risen more than 1,000,000,000 marks annually. Also, Germans are drinking more beer and champagne, smoking more cigars and cigarettes, riding in more automobiles, traveling more, marrying more, buying more pianos and producing more babies than at any other time since the depression started.

All this is a manifestation of the German people's Spring under the National Socialist régime, which to many appears as much a miracle as the annual miracle of nature's Spring. But Spring is not only a season of bloom, but also a season of sowing, and unless sowing is conducted with proper husbandry, the harvest time must spell ruin to the husbandman. The National Socialists proclaim that they have suspended the "laws" of capitalist economy and replaced them with the "primacy" of politics over business, but until the new dispensation shall have stood the test of experience the outside world will continue to judge the works of the Nationalist Socialist régime by the old standards.

By these standards, the cost of the works is so high that it remains to be seen whether the prosperity is a miracle and not a mirage after all.

First of all, the works produced at the price of dictatorship are at a cost of such rigid regimentation of the entire people and their economy that they are beginning to tie up the whole country in bureaucratic red tape and stifle that personal initiative that National Socialists themselves admit is the primary motor of national energy.

Government Pays Bills

Secondly, the miracle is entirely financed by government expenditures, which account for 70 per cent of all new investments, which have unbalanced all budgets and piled up a public debt that, by all financial standards, is rapidly approaching the danger point. According to official figures, this debt is approximately 31,000,000,000 marks, but according to neutral estimates it already exceeds 50,000,000,000 marks, much of it short-term.

And though there is some compensation in the simultaneous reduction of Germany's foreign debts from 27,000,000,000 to 13,000,000,000 marks and the acquisition of many foreign investments, nevertheless Germany is stripped of most of her gold supply and consolidation of the short-term debt has become difficult.

Originally represented as an attempt to "crank up" private business, public expenditures have come to dominate business, with the result that the government now faces the alternative of curtailing expenditures and thereby initiating a new deflation and creation of a new army of unemployed, or plunging into further debt with danger of inflation lurking around the corner.

Thirdly, for reasons too numerous to mention here, Germany's foreign trade has shrunk so much despite the heavy subsidies that her exports are no longer able to buy the food and raw materials she needs. Thus, the populace is exposed to intermittent shortages of certain foods and many industries working for the general public are forced to curtail their work between twenty-four and thirty-six hours a week.

Finally, in order to spread employment and keep down costs as much as possible, the régime is forced to "stabilize" wages at the low level of the depression, but their purchasing power is reduced by rising prices, with the result that dissatisfaction and unrest are spreading among the working masses, who are being subjected to increased police supervision and organizational control, which, in turn, are producing new resentment that gnaws at the foundations of the régime.

The New York Times, May 24, 1936.

★ *The Last Great Adventure* ★

By EDWIN MULLER

Last summer, in Zermatt, I met a man who was looking for the hardest climbs in that part of the Alps. It wasn't a vacation; it was an assignment given him by a group of gentlemen in London.

When I was introduced to him he had just come down from climbing alone one of the great peaks that thrust up like jagged teeth 10,000 feet above the valley. I had done the same climb a few days before with a first-rate guide. It had taken us nine hours of exciting work; up a face of ice where we had to cut steps, and then for hours along a knife edge of rock with an almost sheer drop of 2000 feet on either side. I was still recovering from it.

But this man was back before lunch, looking quite fresh. Furthermore; it was apparent that his morning had been pretty much wasted– the climb hadn't been nearly hard enough for his purpose.

If I hadn't known who he was, I would have taken that with a grain of salt. He was a young man of frail appearance, looking as if he had been sheltered all his life from rough sports. But I had heard of F. S. Smythe before. He is probably the greatest mountaineer in the world. He led the party that climbed the loftiest peak yet conquered—Mt. Kamet, 25,447 feet—and he is one of four who have stood on the highest point on the earth's surface reached by man, a grim and perilous spot 1000 feet below the summit of Everest.

It was Everest business that brought him to Zermatt. The men in London, a joint committee of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club, were planning what may be the last battle in the attempt to climb the highest mountain in the world. That battle is now nearing its climax.

Smythe's job last summer was to weed out candidates for this year's climbing party. He was to take them on the hardest climbs that he could find, watch how they handled their ice axes, whether they had the delicate precision of balance that is needed to climb sheer rock, how well they were going after 18 hours of the kind of work that strains muscles, nerves and heart.

While Smythe was in Switzerland another party of candidates was reconnoitering the lower slopes of Everest itself, 5000 miles away. They were led by Eric Shipton, the planter from Kenya, who, although still in his twenties, has ranged over the highest mountains of three continents.

Four hundred miles from Everest is another vital center of the expedition. In Calcutta a meteorologist sends up an endless series of little balloons five miles toward the stratosphere. Those balloons bring down records of the progress of the monsoon—the storm that every year sweeps across the Bay of Bengal and unloads enormous masses of snow on the flanks of Everest. That ends the climbing. It is always a race to get to the top in the few weeks between the first faint warmth of spring and the coming of the monsoon.

The long arm of the committee has reached out to a score of villages perched up on the edge of the snows a month's journey from the civilized life of India. There have been recruited the native porters—the "tigers" who will carry the loads and help establish the ascending series of camps.

But the most intense and varied activity has been in England. In London you might have seen a group of earnest and anxious young men going through a series of grotesque stunts before the equally anxious eyes of examiners. They balanced for minutes on one foot with their eyes shut; they were spun rapidly in swivel chairs; they were pounded and kneaded and almost taken apart. Every man in the climbing party has gone through all the pilot tests of the Royal Air Force, and as many more tests as the doctors could think of, in preparation for the extraordinary wracking and strain to which Everest subjects every fiber of the human body.

Then there were the packers, boxing and labeling the 20-odd tons of supplies to be carried across Southern Tibet to the base of Everest. There can be no guesswork. Smythe and Shipton are at Camp 7, we'll say, 28,000 feet up in the blizzards —as far from the human world as if they were close to the South Pole. They are poised to take off for the summit. In the load that a porter brings up they must find so many ounces of fuel, of sugar, and so on. If the articles aren't there they can't start, and perhaps they won't even get down again.

Teamwork is the essence of the whole expedition. If Everest is climbed this year it is almost certain that not more than two men will reach the summit. Every one of the 12 picked climbers who will go knows how long are the odds against his even being given a try for the top. He knows that what will probably happen to him is this: He will drive himself on his particular assignment to the last extremity that his body will stand; then he'll stand aside while somebody else goes ahead.

It all began 84 years ago.

The Great Trigonometric Survey of India had been triangulating from far-distant points the peaks of the Eastern Himalaya, and back in their offices one of the computers, a native Indian, came running in to his chief. "Sir," he stammered, "I have discovered the highest mountain in the world."

And so he had. The figures had it 29,002 feet, and later surveys have added 139 feet to its stature. The mountain was named Everest, after a former chief of the survey. Long afterward the native name was discovered—Chomolungma, Goddess Mother of the Mountains.

Everest lies on the border of forbidden Tibet, and it wasn't until 1920 that the Grand Lama gave his consent to an expedition. Then one day he handed to a British political agent a curious passport —"To the west of the Five Great Treasuries of Snow, in the jurisdiction of White Glass Fort, near Rocky Valley Inner Monastery—the Bird Country of the South."

Instantly there was driving activity in London, and by the following spring an expedition was on its way.

Space is lacking to tell the whole story of that attack on Everest and of the two that came after it in 1922 and 1924. The men who made them were the cream of the cream of British climbers. There was General Bruce, the bluff and hearty soldier; Norton, a man of immense strength and endurance; Somervell, Finch, Odell, Morshead and the rest. Among mountaineers, the "Everest men" have become legendary, like the heroes who went against Troy.

There was one in particular, a young English tutor—George Leigh Mallory. He was a quiet man, of deep, unspoken enthusiasms, and the Everest adventure had taken hold of him body and soul. No matter who climbs the mountain at last, Mallory's name will be the one most closely identified with it. His body lies somewhere on its slopes today—perhaps on the summit.

No one guessed then what a terrifying adversary Everest was to prove. First, there was the cold. Even far down on the glacier at its foot, the thermometer fell to 20 degrees below zero at night. Life was the Arctic routine—up in the morning and labor painfully to insinuate the feet into frozen boots, then the long process of converting snow and ice into hot drinks—hard to do at an altitude where water boils when it's only tepid. Then the day's work.

Next there was the wind. The climbers had never felt anything like the northwest wind of Everest. It drove a spindrift of snow through the walls of tents, through clothing. It beat the porters into subjection. When it blew on the Ridge climbing was impossible; the man who tried it would have been snatched from the mountain-side and hurled 10,000 feet down the North Wall.

A stronger weapon—because it was working all the time—was altitude. At the base camp the climbers were already at a height where most people find it difficult to breathe. Above 25,000 feet the climbers plodded along for a few steps, then had to sit down and gasp for breath. There was a curious reaction on the brain; a feeling of dull, hopeless depression. Sometimes a form of laryngitis rendered speech impossible.

Then, after the attackers had been weakened by cold, wind and altitude, Everest opposed its last defense, the sheer climbing difficulty of its upper reaches. That was unexpected. Mallory had thought that the final climb would be only a laborious grind. He was completely wrong. The man who reaches the summit will have finished off with a stretch of climbing that, for technical difficulty, equals the harder courses in the Alps.

Mallory and his companions came back in '22 and '24, but both times were defeated. The repulse most costly in lives was in 1922. Mallory, Somervell, Crawford and 14 porters, all roped, were on the North Col when an avalanche swept over them, burying them in the dark. When it was over Mallory, Somervell and Crawford were able to struggle to the surface. Below

them seven of the porters had been swept away over a precipice.

Two years later another climber, N. E. Odell, stood on a little crag, 26,000 feet up the flank of Everest. He was looking upward anxiously, trying to pierce through the thick mist that drove across the face of the mountain. Mallory and Andrew Irvine were up there somewhere, making a last desperate try at the summit. As Odell watched, the mist thinned and broke away. A part of the ridge just below the summit was exposed, showing a little white patch of snow field. A black dot moved across it. Then another followed. They disappeared, moving up toward the summit. The mist came down again. That was the last that was ever seen of Mallory and Irvine.

Not until nine years afterward was any trace of them found. For nine years Everest was left alone.

When the fourth expedition was organized three years ago, the old Everest men were out of the picture. Mallory and Irvine were dead, the rest had grown too old for Everest. The new party included some of the men who are going this year: Smythe, Shipton and Wyn Harris.

They followed the old track. From the base three successive camps were established up the East Rongbuk Glacier, that amazing sea of ice with its frozen waves 100 feet high. A new route was found at the North Col, where the avalanche had happened. Smythe, supported by Shipton, attacked a part of the ice wall so steep that in places it overhung. He cut handholds and footholds, working with the ax held in one hand while the other clung to the slippery holds. They were able to fix a rope ladder that the porters could use.

Above the wall they established Camp 4, on a shelf of ice so narrow that, when the tents were set up, two steps from them in either direction would have meant a fall. Above that not a single flat space was found large enough to pitch a small tent. But they managed to push their way higher. Camp 5 was fixed at 25,700, Camp 6 at 27,400, on slopes like the side of a steep roof. It wasn't possible to hold these high points continuously; sometimes they had to fall back to the lower camps, then recover the ground lost.

There were some close shaves. Once Wyn Harris slipped on a slope of hard-frozen snow that humpbacked over to a deep precipice. In a moment he was sliding on his back, going faster every second. His instinct told him his only chance. He turned over on his face, grasped his ice ax by the head with both hands and slowly pressed the pick down into the snow. If he had done it too quickly, the ax would have been snatched from his hands and nothing could have saved him.

It was on the extreme edge of the precipice that the brake brought him to a standstill.

Harris and his climbing mate Wagers were given the first chance at the summit. They made their try, drove themselves up through the last reserves of their bodies, turned back—28,100 feet.

Just above Camp 6 they made a discovery.

Lying on the rock they saw an ice ax. Only two men had ever passed that spot—Mallory and Irvine. This must have been where they fell. But was it on the way up or coming down?

Time was working against the expedition. One last effort was made, by Smythe and Shipton. They struggled up to Camp 6 and spent the night and the next day in their sleeping bags while the wind roared. When they started, Shipton was not going well, and at the crest of the ridge had to give up and go back to camp alone. Smythe went on to the Great Couloir at 28,100. This was the place that had stopped Harris and Wagers. Here the slabs, overlapping like tiles, slope down at a sharp angle. They are smooth, without any holds whatever, and dusted over with a powdering of snow.

Smythe balanced his way across them, trusting only to the friction of his boot nails. If at any moment the nails had slipped there was the Rongbuk Glacier 10,000 feet below.

Across the Couloir he began to climb the rocks straight up toward the summit. He had to grope through the snow for the roughness of the rock that kept him from falling. In an hour's climbing he made 50 feet.

He stopped and looked up toward the snow cone of the summit. It was 1000 feet above, as remote as if it were floating in the sky.

He turned back. Everest had won again. This year they are at the base of the mountain once more, racing with the monsoon to place one or two men within striking distance of the summit. Smythe and Shipton and Harris are there with eight other climbers, the chosen best of British mountaineers.

They are confident that this time Everest really will be climbed. They have behind them the most thorough organization that a mountaineering expedition has ever had, and they have the experience of former expeditions.

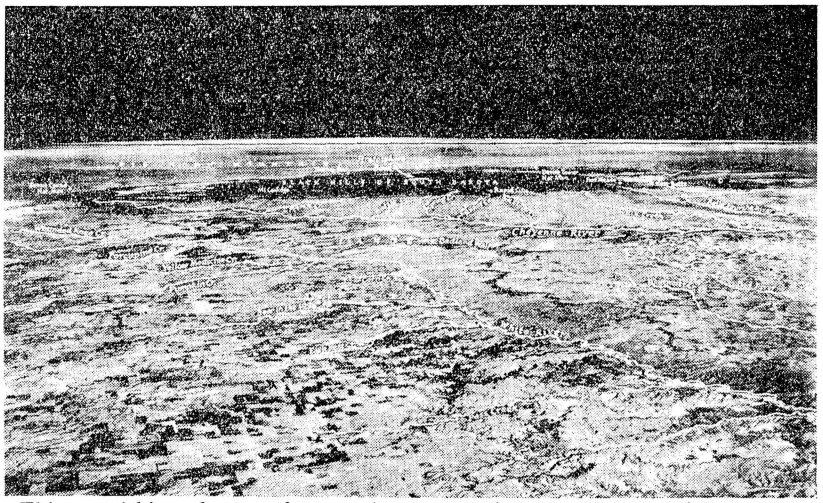
Unless something goes wrong, some one man or two men will stand again on those slabs of the Great Couloir, with the cliffs falling away below them. Will there be enough strength left in their bodies to cover the last thousand feet up to the white cone?

Why do they do it? Not to serve scientific ends—they don't deceive themselves. They want to climb Everest, they say, because mountaineers are so constituted that they can never be quite happy as long as no man has stood on the highest summit.

And perhaps there may be something in it for the rest of the world, a lesson in how well men can learn to work together. It's worth something as an example to see men show the kind of teamwork that means driving themselves to the last extremity their bodies will endure; then standing aside while someone else reaches the top.

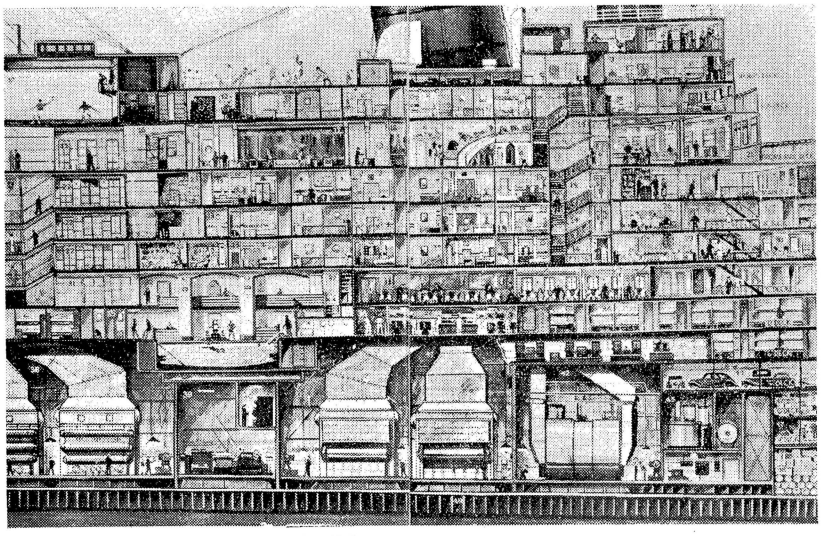
—*The Saturday Evening Post.*

STRATOSPHERE, "DUST SPHERE," AND THE EARTH'S CURVATURE—FROM THE HIGHEST POINT EVER REACHED



This astonishing photograph was taken by Captain Albert W. Stevens, Commander of the National Geographic Society—U.S. Army Air Corps Stratosphere Expedition, on the record-breaking balloon ascent over South Dakota on November 11, 1935. It was taken at 72,395 feet above sea level, the highest point yet reached by man. The camera, with the aid of infra-red-sensitive film piercing the haze, has registered the horizon 330 miles away, sweeping in a great arc across the photograph. The straight black line has been ruled in to bring out clearly the curvature of this horizon, which indicates the actual curvature of the earth. It is the first photograph yet secured that shows the boundary between the troposphere (or "dust sphere") and the stratosphere, marked by the abrupt change from light to dark on the horizon. The height of this boundary is about 37,000 feet. A special point of interest is that the line of sight is wholly through the stratosphere. Ninety-six per cent. of the earth's atmosphere was below the camera when the picture was made; consequently the sun's rays are not diffused and the upper sky is very dark. The photograph includes a land area rather over half the size of England. The little squares in the patchwork pattern of the left foreground are cultivated fields, about half a mile square. The nearest objects are thirty miles away.

"The Stateliest Ship In Being":
The "Queen Mary" At Sea



That great and famous ship the "Queen Mary," the largest and most magnificent British liner that has ever been built, is 1018 ft. long, with a gross tonnage of 80,773, and can carry 2140 passengers, with a crew of 1100. When Queen Mary named and launched her, in September 1934, the late King George, who was present, described the liner as "the stateliest ship in being." King Edward VIII., when he visited the "Queen Mary" in March, said: "She is a marvellous vessel—a ship built for utility."

The amazing statistics will enable our readers to realise the immensity of the "Queen Mary." For instance, the ship's 24 water-tube boilers contain 160,000 tubes, and to carry the steam from these boilers to the turbines there are 2600 feet of piping. Inside the turbines there are 257,000 blades (each not much larger than an ordinary safety razor blade) upon which the steam impinges, driving round the rotors to which they are attached. The turbo-generators generate something like 20,000 watts, sufficient to supply a town as large as Brighton with all the electric light and power it requires. For her safety the ship has 18 watertight bulkheads and 160 watertight compartments. Her wireless equipment comprises 9 complete aerial systems. In 500 of her state rooms are private telephones, and there are numerous public telephone booths in various parts of the ship. From mid-Atlantic the ordinary passenger could speak to any place in the world. Cunningly concealed behind all the luxuriousness of her walls are 4000 miles of electric cables, which, if placed lengthwise, would extend from New York to San Francisco and a further 800 miles into the Pacific. The ten million rivets that hold her hull together, placed end to end, would stretch for 270 miles. Then let the housewife think of the vast linen stores, and marvel at such items as 92,000 serviettes or 210,000 towels. Again, what it must mean to keep stock of some 160,000 pieces of cutlery and over 50,000 glasses, or to serve 10,000 meals a day. To amuse her passengers she has the most complete cinema equipment ever taken in a single ship to sea, and three different programmes can be shown simultaneously in various parts of the vessel. On the wonderful bridge there are two wheels and two complete steering systems, with navigational devices that are marvels of ingenuity—sounding machines that make picture diagrams of the sea-bed far below the ship's keel, and fire-recorders so sensitive that a man having a secret smoke in the cargo hold would quickly sound the alarm on the bridge. The funnels do not look very imposing from a distance, but three great main line locomotives could be driven abreast through any one of them if it were placed on its side. Just glance at those anchors, each weighing 16 tons, and the wonderful cable attached, each link two feet long with a breaking strength of about 35 tons to the square inch. Then think of those 24 motor lifeboats, each 36 feet long, all power-driven and each capable of carrying more people than the whole of the passengers accommodated in the first Cunarder, the "Britannia" of 1840. Along the ship's sides are her mighty oil-fuel bunkers, 50 in all, so that below the waterline for the greater part of her length she has a double skin, the inner some 20 feet from the outer. Oil is sprayed into the furnaces, and 20,000 tons of air are pumped down to the boiler rooms daily to ensure proper combustion of the fuel.

It is the proud boast of the Cunard White Star catering department that they have so wonderful a system for keeping the larders of the "Queen Mary" always adequately filled that not only do they provide for extra days, when the ship may be delayed, but that at any time they can supply anything a passenger may ask for. To keep the fresh meat, vegetables, and so on in perfect condition, there is cold-storage space of 60,000 cubic feet. Over 800 of the total crew of 1100 are directly employed in looking after the wants of passengers. The tastes of people of all races have to be catered for, and for Jewish voyagers there is a special Kosher kitchen. More than 100 cooks work under the principal chef, besides bakers and other persons employed in the great all-electric kitchens. There are butchers to cut up the meat and a complete butcher's shop, while among the store rooms on "D" Deck is even a special room heated to the correct warmth to ripen a vast quantity of bananas during the voyage. Consider also the manifold kinds of drinks required to suit the thousand-and-one tastes of those on board, and all the varieties of cigars, cigarettes, and tobaccos for people of differing races mixed together in this mammoth floating "hotel," which can accommodate 2140 passengers.

Nothing is more striking in the "Queen Mary" than the excellence of the accommodation provided for all three classes of passengers, officially designated Cabin, Tourist, and Third. In the Cabin class the furnishing and decoration reach the acme of luxury and comfort, combined with good taste, but the same principles are applied, in due degree, to the other two. The Tourist quarters surpass anything of their kind elsewhere, and indeed are better than the First Class in many ships. The Third Class accommodation contrasts most strikingly with that which in former times was considered good enough for this type of passenger. The Verandah Grill on the Sun Deck is a light and airy room 70 ft. long by 29 ft. wide, with a large circular bay facing aft

ITALIAN SEA POWER:
A Strong Navy Developed Under Fascism

Under the Fascist régime the Italian Navy has been completely reorganised. In a French account of its development, written in conjunction with these illustrations, we read: "Mussolini's phrase is still remembered—'In peace time it is the fleets that determine predominance among nations.' Besides his desire to give the new Italy the prestige of ancient Rome in the Mediterranean, a stimulus was afforded by the results of the Washington Conference. On December 15, 1922 the reorganisation began, both for ships and personnel. The guiding principles in the reconstruction of the fleet were—speed, moderate tonnage, and a system suited to Italy's geographical position; in a word, a navy of quality.... Italy's naval forces are divided into two squadrons: one, the first, having its base at Spezia, under the command of Vice-Admiral Bucci; and the other at Taranto, under Vice-Admiral Bernotti. There are also units at Naples, Messina, Brindisi, Pola, the Aegean islands, the Red Sea, Tripolitania, and Cyrenaica.... The Italian Navy possesses incomparable *moral* and energy prepared for any sacrifice. With its 10,000-ton cruisers, its *condottieri* (5000-ton cruisers), and its submarines, it ranks among the strongest navies in the world." Last month, it may be recalled, the Italian Chamber approved a Naval Budget for 1936-37 amounting to 1,610,000,000 lire, or £26,830,000.

and looking out to sea. It is intended for *a la carte* meals for passengers not wishing to go to the main restaurant. In the centre is a little dance floor. This is one of the few rooms in the ship without wood-panelling, and it has large wall paintings by Doris Zinkeisen which lend an atmosphere of gaiety. The Cabin Class Swimming-Pool has deep and shallow ends, a chute, and warmed water. The tiles are cream coloured and the ceiling of glass. The Smoking Room is a lofty apartment with the solid comfort of a club. The oak walls are decorated with paintings by Edward Wadsworth, and high up near the ceiling is a series of carvings representing the figures on Court cards.

The Main Lounge in the "Queen Mary" is an immense and lofty room 96 ft. long by 70 ft. wide and 22 ft. high. All the metal-work is finished in dull gold. The mantelpieces over the electric fires are of golden onyx, and above them are paintings by Duncan Grant. A great feature of the Lounge is the fully-equipped stage at the after end, with a proscenium 26 ft. wide and 22 ft. high. Here can be given concerts and even plays, for there are drop sheets, wing curtains, and a stage-lighting system. Above the proscenium is a large gilt plaque designed by Maurice Lambert, symbolic of music, the arts, and dancing. Doors on the port side lead into the Long Gallery, and on the other side into the Starboard Gallery. The Long Gallery, 118 ft. in length, has at its after end a painting by Algernon Newton, A.R.A.

Some interesting comparisons illustrate the enormous progress made in ocean travel since the little "Britannia" of 1840 and immeasurably more since the "Mayflower" of 1620. To-day thousands of people make ocean voyages for pleasure or health alone, but, even in the days of the "Britannia," the thought of a sea voyage for the joy of it would have appeared ridiculous. The cabins, with their uncomfortable bunks and furniture, and only a primitive oil lantern for lighting, were cramped, stuffy, and somewhat "smelly." Even worse was the lot of passengers in the "Mayflower," which carried the Pilgrim Fathers to America and may be considered the originator of modern Transatlantic traffic. At the stern was the Great Cabin, where the principal passengers lived and had meals. Just forward were about eight or ten private cabins for them, but many of these cabins were mere wooden boxes, some only 2 ft. 6 in. wide by 6 ft. long and 5 ft. high. The rest of the passengers slept and took their meals wherever they could. From the "Mayflower," with her crude sails, we had by 1840 progressed to steam-driven paddles, and from 180 tons to 1154. In the next 96 years progress was rapid from that 1154 tons of the "Britannia" to over 80,000 tons of the "Queen Mary"; from 115 passengers to 2140; and from 8 to over 30 knots in speed, reducing the time of the passage from 14½ to 4 days.

—*The Illustrated London News.*

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The Queen Mary Arrives at New York

Smoothly, and without a hitch, at the appointed time, 4 p.m. on June 1st, the Queen Mary slid into her berth in New York.

At 9.03 a.m. she had glided level with the Ambrose Light, whose foghorn salute she returned with a majestic blast. Thus she completed the crossing from Cherbourg in 4 days 12 hours 24 minutes at an average speed of 29.133 knots. The fog, which robbed her of the transatlantic record, is officially announced as having reduced her speed for 10 hours 15 minutes.

The great ship was escorted into quarantine by a cloud of aeroplanes and a shoal of smaller craft. As she steamed slowly up the river amidst an orderly though vociferous escort, one could pick out with field-glasses on the buildings half-way across Manhattan diminished replicas of the serried crowds at the water's edge. The other bank of the Hudson accommodated crowds of no less density. Wherever space permitted the whole river was lined with a border of humanity.

"Pandemonium"

The Battery was thronged with a mass of people too densely packed to be able to see towards the sea. As we drew level pandemonium broke loose as if the world had gone mad, and we seemed doomed to follow it if the din had persisted. Sirens, whistles, bells, aeroplane engines let fly a tornado of noise through which we were intermittently conscious of cheering from innumerable voices. All the available roof-space on the sky-scrapers showed a solid rampart of spectators, and the dockside all the way up the river was no less thickly crowded.

Only the minority realize that you cannot stop a ship as you can stop a car, and that in order to pick up the pilot the Queen Mary must slacken speed several miles before reaching Ambrose, whose black and white hull came in sight beyond the scattered graceful bevy of yachts. Aeroplanes of the 29th Observation Squadron of the U.S. Air Force dived down on us as we approached the lightship.

The machines swept the length of the ship, then turned and, an tilted wings like driven grouse coming off the hillside, swirled dizzily and fell suddenly astern.

Many buildings on the city and along the shoreline as far as Quarantine had the Union Jack flying on their flagpoles with the Stars and Stripes, and in the air over Lower Broadway there were streamers of ticker-tape and showers of confetti.

Builders Satisfied

At the quarantine station Mr. Piggott, chairman of Messrs. John Brown and Co., stated that they were completely satisfied with the Queen Mary's performance and were confident that she could meet any speed claims made on her. Sir Percy Bates stated to the Press that in the building of the Queen Mary there had been "no thought of boastfulness and no thought of megalomania." He repeated his statement to the shareholders, "In our opinion she is the smallest and slowest ship which can do the job." She was more economical to run than any previous Cunarder. He added that the Queen Mary was a ship of peace.

For the reception of the Queen Mary a new pier has been built by the Public Works Administration in New York at West Fiftieth Street, some distance above the present berths.

The pier differs radically from those which surround it. The height of Queen Mary above the waterline makes the usual sloping gangplanks impracticable, and some half a dozen lifts and escalators have been installed to take passengers to where a short level gangway enables them to enter the ship.

Normandie's Voyage

The Normandie berthed at Le Havre at 1 o'clock on Monday afternoon. Her best performance during the voyage from New York was 677 miles, covered on Friday, at an average speed of 29.43 knots.

London Times Weekly.

Strangest of All the Insect Dramas

By DONALD C. PEATTIE

The most thickly settled parts of the United States will be hearing this week, and for two or three weeks after that, the ominous wailing of the dreaded seventeen-year "locust," or periodical cicada. From Long Island to Missouri, from Lake Ontario to Atlanta, the forests will sound like a wood-working shop with every lathe and chisel and saw and band roaring full tilt.

County agents, State health bureaus, agricultural colleges, the Department of Agriculture and other institutions will be deluged with letters, telegrams, telephone calls and questions. Small newspapers or those running to sensationalism will dust off the old story about babies in their cradles out-doors stung to death by the ovipositors of the female cicadas.

Although these cicadas are not locusts at all, the name "locust" has clung to them and cannot be shaken off. It will be widely supposed, for that reason, that a migratory locust horde is about to descend upon and wipe out the crops of the United States.

The confusion of the cicada with the terrible Rocky Mountain locusts, the Southern migratory locust and the great locusts of Pharaoh's kingdom is natural enough. For the seventeen-year cicada's cry, if you listen to it carefully, sounds rather like "Phar-a-a-a-o-o-o-o-h!" descending in a sort of dying wail most dismal to hear. The Plymouth colonists were startled, in May of 1634, by this voice of doom keening in the forests and were convinced that it was the wrath of God. Believing that everything under the sun was accounted for in the Bible, and having no previous experience of this creature, they named it a "locust."

The cicada's sudden appearance, its equally sudden vanishing, and its regular recurrence at the astonishing interval of seventeen years have all combined to make it the most dramatic and celebrated of American insects. One might almost say of United States insects, for it is almost exclusively confined to the Eastern forest belt of this country.

* * *

Although the periodical cicada has now been known, more or less, for 302 years, it

is still the most misunderstood insect on our continent. Tens of thousands of Americans all over the eastern half of the country have heard it at least once in their lives, and lived through every manifestation from the cicada's emergence from the ground until the subterranean disappearing act, but they remain, most of them, quite unable to give a clear account of what the insect does or what is its relation to man.

The Federal Government and most of the State agricultural departments in the East have issued bulletins striving to correct the many misconceptions popularly held. Perhaps this year authorities will supplement these by radio. And people may at last learn that the cicada does not eat crops, does not sting babies (no authentic case of baby-stinging has come to hand) or invade gardens. It is purely a creature of the woodland and the only harm it can do is to lay eggs in fruit trees of orchards that are next to a forest. Soft-barked trees, like apple, pear, cherry and peach, might receive an enormous number of punctures such as would seriously damage them. But the eggs of the cicada are not laid in fruit, or in the stems or ears of cereal plants.

To those with ornithological interests the "locust plague" will prove a blessing. Hordes of birds are attracted by the cicadas, and many of the May migrants, on the point of departure, will linger.

Everybody knows the common Summer cicada or dog-day harvest fly, which in July, August and early September sings a chattering, sizzling song that runs down like some mechanical instrument coming to a stop. This creature is generally supposed to appear every second year, spending one year underground in the larval or grub state and one year in the trees, in the winged and mating stage. Because there are two different broods, timed to develop in alternate years, we have one brood or the other every year.

The seventeen-year cicada spends seventeen years under ground and about seventeen (or a few more) days up in the light and air, having a greater disproportion between larval and adult life stages than any other insect. It might virtually be called a subterranean insect, leading a dark, quiet and very safe existence under the sod except for a brief instant, when, provided with wings and a song, it emerges to mate and reproduce and die. In this ephemeral span of what we should call life the cicada is exposed to a thousand dangers, and if it escapes the hosts of hungry birds or the fungus diseases that affect it, it dies off anyway at the end of a few days.

Such is nature's inexorable law. The moment of mating is also the moment of death.

* * *

The periodical cicadas appear the last week in April in the southernmost States and they emerge successively at later dates, until in the North they come out the last week in May. This creates the false impression that they are marching up from the south. Actually they are no whit migratory. They never leave the wood where they emerge and they die but a few feet from those curious "chimneys" they create in burrowing out of the ground. The emergence usually takes place at night, which is why the creatures seem to appear as if by magic where none was before. Being then in the pupal stage, they look at this moment neither like grubs nor like full-grown insects, but rather more like crayfish. The thin pupal shard is swiftly split by the insect, the winged adult backing and wriggling out of its shroud. Many people, seeing the empty pupal cases everywhere, suppose that a vast number of insects have died.

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But within a few hours they are undeceived. The first voice is uplifted, and it sounds like a big knife laid against a coarse, flying grindstone, at first lightly and then pressed down hard. The shearing sound rises to a roar that suddenly dies away on a falling pitch. Another voice answers from near at hand and so, moment by moment, the uproar continues. It goes on until nightfall, when abruptly the sound ceases, to be renewed at the next dawn.

Only the males sing. And the astonishing fact is that the females seem to have no ears. They probably catch not one note of all this uproar! In singing, the male lifts its abdomen to a rigid and horizontal position, opening the ventral drum chambers. The drum is a wrinkled membrane, which can be tensed or vibrated by strong muscles. From the abdomen of the insect, then, and not from the throat, arises this weird music.

Why does the cicada cry out upon the air in this fashion, if it is not a song of wooing that can be heard? Scientists seem to have no ready answer—except that it is the wrong way, in attacking the problems of nature, to ask "Why?" Science has discovered that it can move ahead much more smoothly and swiftly if it ceases to ask "Why?" too often and endeavors, rather, to explain the all-important "how."

At least four remarkably distinct notes have been distinguished in the periodical cicada's uproar. There is the prolonged burring sound, called the ordinary song. There is the Pharaoh note, which is perhaps an auditory illusion created only by the crying of great numbers of these insects in chorus. There is a soft one-syllable purring sound often heard at close range. Finally, there is a rasping burr of one loud note made by the frightened male when he escapes seizure.

The effect of the cicada's song on human beings is of interest to students of psychology. To me the din is one of the most depressing and unnerving ever heard, not only because of its monotony but because of its suggestion that something terrible is going to happen.

* * *

And then comes a morning when one wakes relieved to hear the din no more. Every one supposes that the cicadas have gone away. As a matter of fact the sudden silence means that they are all mated; the males are now left by nature simply to die. The females are very active for a little while longer, laying eggs.

Now, if ever, is the moment when cicadas do injury to plantings. Only twigs, however, will suffer. Trees seem seldom really killed. The saw-like ovipositor makes punctures in all sorts of trees, except conifers, a single female depositing about 500 eggs in the brief life left to her.

Hatching takes place in mid-July and August and is noticed by almost no one. The grubs drop or crawl to earth, burrow down about two feet and remain there for seventeen years. In the Southern States the period is often not seventeen years, but thirteen. This year a thirteen-year brood in Louisiana and Mississippi will emerge.

Scientists have worked out the distribution of the various brooks in the country, for although all have a seventeen or thirteen year cycle, not all start off on the same beat. Some regions are occupied by two or three different broods, so that the insects appear to emerge much oftener than every seventeen years.

It is possible, by consulting prepared tables, to predict the appearance of given broods in given localities for any time within this century. There is practically no chance that any cicadas will turn up where they are not suspected. The only possibility of error is that they will fail to reappear in an area once haunted.

For the periodical cicada, that giant-in-the-earth among aboriginal American insects, appears to be on the wane. Like the dinosaur or the buffalo, it is too great for these small times. Every farm, every town, every clearing and pasture lot spells its doom, curtails its once far-flung empire.

* * *

Far from fearing the cicada, we should rather regard it with interest as a curiosity of the past, of the primeval state of the North American Continent. Many of the broods are already greatly weakened and are, each cycle of years, becoming smaller and more inert. The cicada is going away, shrinking, like the power of the red man, like the hosts of the passenger pigeon.

Some day we may hear it no more. And as Dr. Howard, the distinguished entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, has put it, one can never hear that fateful crying without wondering whether, seventeen years from now, one will still be alive to mark again the wail of "Phar-a-a-o-a-o-o-o-h!"

The New York Times Magazine, May 24, 1936.

赤木君の日本外交史

紐育にて　角田生

先日、今大連の南滿鐵道會社に居る赤木英道君から久し振り手紙があつて、氏の Japan's Foreign Relations 1542-1936, A Short History の出版披露があり、添えて赤木君がコロムビアに居る頃は、暇が多いのでゴルフが上達すると言はれたが、實は時局の爲めに六百數十回の講演をした、心身繁忙の餘暇を偸んで書きあげた著述だけに感慨が深い。一ト頃は私なども國際問題には可なり克明に注意を拂つてゐたが、近頃は全く古い方一方になつて、外交のことなどはたゞ新聞の素讀みをするのと同程度である。しかるに赤木君の外交史は葡船の火器輸入當時から、一九三六年、今年の廣田外交に迄及んでゐる。アップ・ツー・デートといふ點だけでも他の追隨を許さぬと言つてよいと思ふ。

私などは所謂味噌の味噌臭い方で、歷史となると古くないと承知出來ない方で、日本の外交なども先史時代、前史時代は措いても、聖德太子や天智天皇の隋唐外交から菅原道眞の鎖國に關する建策、平清盛の重商主義、刀伊の入寇、元寇の亂、足利時代に於ける朝鮮支那沿岸に於ける海上權爭奪といつたやうな、材料の乏しい、黴の生えかゝつたものでないと、歷史といふ感じが薄いのであるが、この點に於て赤木君の外交史は日本外交の眞に活歷史である。

私は赤木君をよく知つてゐるもゝ常に同君に感服することは如何なる問題に逢着し、活動するにしても、必ず學家的の態度をとる。問題に關する資料を克明に蒐集する、之に關する文獻を隈なくさがす、さうしてそれを極めてオブヂエクチーヴの見地から整理し按排する。一言には如何にも P. H. D. であるやうに取扱ふのである。

曾てロス・アンセルスの青年間に働いた時には日本の教育に關する要梗をモノグラフにして出版し、日本人の學生の米國の相當學校に入學する場合のより所とする。日本史を講ずる場合にはチヤント日本史の摘要と參考文獻のモノグラフを作る。滿洲問題を講演する場合でも同一であつた。草稿を作つて演說をするといふが、赤木君はチヤントその道に携つたものゝ手引となるものを作つてその仕事にかゝるのである。この外交史もその例である。

從つてその大體はすでに當地を去る頃には書きあがつてゐて或はどこかの大學の出版部から出る手筈のやうに承知してゐた位であつたが、今度出來上つた體裁を見ると、いかにも立派でこれなら日本（東京の北星堂）で出版した方が全くマシであつたと同慶に堪へない。その上に、その以後兩三年の外交事情までも添へることが出來たに於ておやである。

內容は第一篇は日本外交の端緒で、日本の鎖國、日本の門戶開放、王政復古の保全の三章から成り。第二篇は日本外交の發展で、條約改正、日韓支交涉、日清戰爭、門戶開放政策、日英同盟、日露戰爭とその外交的背景、日露戰爭とポーツマス會議の七章を收め、第三篇には日本外交の試鍊といふ題で、日本と韓國、日本と滿洲、日本と世界戰爭、日本と支那の四章。第四篇日本外交方針の蒔直しにはワシントン會議、一九二一年より一九三一年に至る日支關係、日本移民と國際關係の四章があり、第五篇は日本外交上のニウデールには一九三一年より三三年に於ける日支間の危機、日本外交上のニウデールの二章があり、五篇、二十一章單に分量から言つても小史どころではないのである。

私なども自分の仕事の關係から、外交史に關する資料を蒐めやうとして、外務省などに相談したこともあつたが、事の實際は外交の本山にもまださうした資料は整理してないのであつた。一昨年あたり幣原前外相を委員長として十年計畫かでその編輯にかゝるといふ報知があつたが實際外交史は扨て置き、單に資料の蒐集編次さへ官邊の仕事として、スタツフを揃へてかゝらぬと出來ぬ仕事なのである。これは文書の性質上秘密のものが多いのと、中には現在から將來に亘つて尙ほ實際的意義のあるものも尠くない。したがつて公開されずにゐるのである。自然かうした制約のものに外交史を書くといふことは、嚴格な意義からは一つの冒險である。しかし冒險家の出ない限り、パイオニアのゐない間は、とうとう纏つた形の外交史は出來ないといふことになる。さうして出來たところは、波斯の王樣と歷史の逸話のやうに、死にかけて、本は出來ても、讀む所の沙汰ではないといふことになる。愼密な思索の上にもスペキユレーションが入る。歷史に於ても同樣である。私はこの點に於て赤木君が斷乎としてこの未開の原野に驀進したことに多大なる敬意を表するものである。（紐育新聞）

編輯室から

◉敗殘の國エチオピアは今や地圖の上から消え去らうとして居る。砂漠の上に立つ異樣な砦は、伊太利の道路工事の傍に殘る古昔の夢を語るものでしかなくなるであらう。然しそれにも增して哀愁をそゝるものは、太古の國エチオピアを滅ぼし去つた文明の利器飛行機が投下した砂漠と高原に殘る大小無數の爆彈の彈痕であらう。空爆下のエ國こそは此のアフリカ帝國の斷末魔の姿である。我等今デシエの空爆に關する恐ろしき記事を得て滅び行くエ帝國を弔はうと思ふものである。

◉ナチス獨逸が一見近來頻りに繁榮振りを回復して居るかに見えるさうである。各都市に新建築物は立ち、新自動車路は開設せられ一ケ月の工業生產總額は一九三三年の春季三十億マークに對して今春五十億マーク。就業勞働者は一九三二年の平均千二百五十萬人に對して千六百五十萬人。失業者は同く同期の五百七十萬人が、今春四月終りに於ける百七十六萬人に減少。同く同期の國民勞働收入（給料及勞銀を含む）二百五十九億マークが、三百二十二億マークに增加。預金が九十八億四千四百萬マークから百三十九億五千四百萬マークに增加等々、と云ふ素晴しい景氣である。但し第二面の記事の筆者の曰く、此の奇蹟たるや政府の公債政策に依つて運轉せられて居るものにして、公債額は今や急速に危險點に到達しつゝある。と述べて居る。成程と思ふ。種のない手品はない。

◉つい先程の事、いよいよ今年こそは征服しやうとして向つた英國のヒマラヤ登攀隊が今年は當初から惡天候にわざわひされて引返す事を決心するのやむなきに至つた旨の新聞電報があつたが、第三面の「最後の大冒險」なる記事は世界最大のマウンテイニアー達が命を賭してやつた數度の登攀物語である。何たる精進何たる苦鬪か！讀んで我等の襟を正さしめるものがある。しかも二萬九千呎のエヴエレストは未だに最後の一千呎に人を拒否して寄せつけようとしないのである。

四面に挿入した寫眞は色々な意味で驚くべき寫眞である。(1) 人類が到達し得た最高所、七萬二千四百呎からとつたものであること。(2) 三百三十哩彼方の地平線を寫せること。(3) 地球表面の灣曲を寫眞上に寫し得て居ること。(4) トロポスフイーヤとストラトスフイーヤの境界線を寫し得て居る事。(5) 寫し得る面積が英蘭總面積の半ば以上に及ぶ面積であること。

◉世界最大の巨船クヰン・メリー號の話は未だに外國雜誌を賑はして居る。既に本誌では各種の記事を御目にかけたが更に後から出たものをお目にかける事とした。一、二の數字丈でも我等が夢想し得ざる驚異である。然しフランスの競爭船ノルマンヂイ號の太西洋橫斷記錄は未だに破り得ないらしい。

◉出版部の本に對する批評が世界各地から依然陸續として入り込みつゝある。プライス氏の「南洋綺譚」が絕大な好評を受けた事は既に前月號にて御知らせしたが、赤木英道氏の「日本外交史」が今度はロンドン・タイムス紙に依つて、「廣汎に亘る研究と、炯眼と公正なる判斷と可なりの文學的筆致を合せ有せる書にして、其叙述は流暢にして名文なり」と評せられたのは特筆すべき事である。

又新西蘭のアツシユバートン・カーヂアン紙はヘツヂス氏の日本隨筆を評して曰く「報道的にして且つ最上級にまで興味深き著書であつて、注意深き研究のみならず異常なる深き思索と心理的洞察が本書の中には入り込んで居る。印刷よく製本よき美本にして、如何なる書齋をも飾るに足るであらう」と

◉讀者諸氏の大部分は今月上旬か中旬頃から暑中休暇の事と思つて今月號は半ば休暇號の積りで編輯して置いた。

◉終りに謹んで暑中の砌讀者諸賢の御健勝を祈る。

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